Prin. O, my ſweete beoffe, *I* muſt ſtill be good angel to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, *I* doe not like that paying backe, t'is a double labour.

Pri. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſh't hands too.

Bar. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or thereabouts; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; *I* laude them, I prayſe them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

Pri. Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
To my brother Iohn, this, to my lord of Weſtmerland.
Go, Peto, to horſe, to horſe, for thou and *I*
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy ſtands on high,
And either we or they muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world. Hoſteſſe, my breakefaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Douglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas haue,
As not a ſouldior of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God, I cannot flatter, *I* defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approoue me, Lord.

Douglas. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and t'
I can but thanke you.
Meſ. Theſe letters c
Hot. Letters from hi
Meſ. He cannot co
Hot. Zounds, how
In ſuch a iuſtling time
Vnder whoſe gouern
Meſ. His letters beare
Wor. I prethee, tell
Meſ. He did, my Lord
And at the time of my
He was much feard by
Wor. I would the ſtate
E're he by ſickneſſe ha
His health was neuer b
Hot. Sicke now, droo
The very life-blood of
T'is catching hither,
He writes me here, t
And that his friends b
Could not ſo ſoone be
To lay ſo dangerous a
On any ſoule remou'd
Yet doth he giue vs b
That with our ſmall co
To ſee how fortune is
For, as he writes, ther
Becauſe the king is cer
Of all our purpoſes:
Wor. Your fathers ſi
Hot. A perilous gaſ
And yet, in faith, it is
Seemes more, then w
To ſet the exact wealt
All at one caſt? to ſet ſ
On the nice hazzard
It were not good, for

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